

THE LIGUORIAN



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CALENDARS

for

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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AUGUST, 1928

No. 8

"This Day Thou Shalt Be With Me"

"Amen I say that thou to-day
Shalt rest in Paradise with Me."
The Savior spake the tender word,
And thus the dying thief was heard—
His dark and wayward life was o'er,
And clean of heart forever more
He sinks to rest with Thee.

Go forth! glad Thief! Go forth I say,
Be first across the golden strand.
Thy journey to the hills afar
Is lighted by the brightest star
Which Mercy ever placed on high
In answer to a contrite sigh.
Go now and steal that land.

Now stands the golden gate ajar—
The Angel Host, in bright array
Shall dry for thee the blinding tears,
And banish all thy former fears,
While loud the mighty hymn of praise,
With dulcet harp and voice, they raise
To charm thy heart for aye.

Oh merciful! Oh wondrous Lord!
As we behold this deed of might
Our soul doth melt within our breast—
Oh take us, Lord, with Thee to rest!
Look, Oh look not on our sin!
Thou canst make us pure within,
And be for us a light.

Oh let Thy love embrace us all—
And count not our forgetfulness.
Since Thou didst save a dying thief
We too may hope to find relief.
Dear Lord, now make Thy Face to shine
On us, and make us ever Thine
To feel Thy sweet caress.

Brother Reginald, C.S.S.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE HOTTEST DAY OF THE YEAR

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The air—suffocatingly hot—was filled with tiny particles of dust and soot; the August sun, red and low in the west, glowed through the withered trees of Blake Street and beat upon the hot front door of the Baram home. When Father Casey pressed the metal bell button, it almost burned his finger.

The Baram family were delightful people. Their unfailing kindness and cheerfulness was a byword in the neighborhood. So chummy and affectionate, so harmonious and light-hearted were they all, parents and children, that they were invariably counted the happiest family in the block. Father Casey had always found that home so charming he could not believe it would be sultry and oppressive in there even today. Standing, perspiring and miserable, before the front door, he expected it to swing welcomingly open and admit him to a fairyland of coolness and content. But this is what he saw.

Luke Baram, the man of the house, sat chewing the stem of his unlighted pipe, his huge bulk blocking the doorway to the garden. He had given up trying to read the evening paper and was using it as a weapon to make savage passes at the sticky-footed flies that had singled out his bald pate as a landing field. Mother Baram whined and scolded alternately as she wandered in an aimless sort of way from stove to table and from table to sink. She was accomplishing nothing beyond making her tired feet more tired and her frayed nerves still more frayed. Miriam's complaining voice came high-pitched, harsh, and rasping, from some hot upper room. Dorothy, the younger daughter, had dropped the broom in the middle of the half-swept floor, and was curled up on the couch, thoroughly miserable and in tears. Bobbie, sprawled on the floor in everybody's way, was the only one in the house wearing the semblance of a smile—but a diabolical smile, caused by the fiendish pleasure he derived from torturing the cat. A page from the family history will tell how all this came about.

First of all, it was summer. Furthermore, it was an unusually hot summer. Added to this, it was an unusually hot spell in the middle of an unusually hot summer. Every evening people vainly searched the

western horizon for a dark bank of cloud, only to see the sun sink, a fiery ball presaging another scorching day. Every morning people rose, heavy-eyed and unrested, to face a renewal of the torture. Until now the Barams had borne up bravely. They tried to avoid talking about the heat; since that was impossible, they joked and made light of it to such an extent that one was ashamed to complain to the other. But today there came a grinding and a jarring in the smooth-running domestic machine.

It was probably nobody's fault that the refrigerator failed to refrigerate. The overworked iceman was doing his best in the crisis, and, if the ice melted sooner and he arrived later than usual, it couldn't really be helped. When she was her ordinary good self, Mrs. Baram could find the cream soured and the butter liquid, as she did today, and pass it off with one of her dry, humorous remarks, and make the best of a bad bargain. But three weeks of oppressive heat will get on almost anybody's nerves. She had to give vent to her overwrought feelings on somebody, and that somebody happened to be Dorothy.

The pretty, sun-browned girl, lazily fanning herself, as she sat by the coolest window, engrossed in a book, would have made a painter's model. Mother Baram, unfortunately, was in no mood for painting.

"Get up out of that. Put away that trashy novel. This is no time to be reading sloppy love stories, with the others coming home for their dinner and nothing done, not even the table set. Don't stop there gaping. Get the dishes on the table. Pull down that blind. Isn't the house hot enough without letting the sun shine in besides? If you did a little more work in this house, you would make some effort to keep it a bearable place to work in. If you had not been running to the icebox every minute all afternoon, the butter would not be melted and the cream soured."

"I never did. I wasn't to the icebox for—"

"None of your back talk, young lady, if you please. Get up a gait, and do what you are told."

The sullen girl closed her book in the middle of the most exciting chapter, and suddenly realized how suffocating was the air of the room. She did not "back talk" in words—that was unsafe—but she did so in action and dragged herself about in the slovenly way she well knew would be most exasperating. Suddenly she caught sight of her brother and uttered an angry scream.

"Bobbie, Bobbie, you let my snapshots alone. Mother, make him stop. He will ruin them with his sweaty hands. Bobbie, give them here."

"Aw, dry up. I'm not hurtin' them. They're mine as much as yours."

"Yes, you are. No, they're not. Give them up."

She made a rush to recover them. The scuffle was short. Bobbie emerged victorious, waved the pictures tantalizingly under her nose and said:

"When nice little girls want something, they should say, please."

"Mother, he hurt my side. He hurt my side." Dorothy seized the opportunity to leave off her work and have a cry.

"Serves you right. Don't be a big baby," snapped Mother Baram. She cuffed Bobbie's ears nevertheless, and the young rascal set up a howl of simulated pain, making faces at Dorothy behind his mother's back meanwhile. Just at that moment Miriam, hot and dusty, entered the house.

"For goodness sake," she cried, "is this the sort of bedlam I have to come home to? Everybody howling and fighting! No dinner ready! It isn't enough that I have to put in the whole day working in a hot office and then stand a half hour on a hot street corner waiting for a car, but I must be welcomed with a riot like this. I have a good mind to go and board some place where I can have a little peace and get a decent meal."

"We'd all starve if we ever depended on you to help prepare a dinner," countered Dorothy, who had dried her eyes and entered the fray.

"I guess I put down my hard-earned money for my board. I don't have to pay for my meals, and cook them besides, do I?"

"Yes, you put down your hard-earned money to keep those foolish clothes on your back. Just try it, my girl, and see what kind of service you'll get anywhere else for the pittance you hand in to me to help run this house," said Mother Baram.

"Yah, yah, the boardin' house missus'd have to hire a train caller to get yuh up in the mornin'. You'll pay extry for that," yelled Bobbie. He ducked the slap his sister aimed at him, and it struck the door instead.

Pain, nervousness, and helpless rage brought the tears to Miriam's eyes.

"You little devil," she screamed, "you hurt my hand. I'll tell Dad on you."

She was saved the trouble. Dad was at the door, dirty, hot, and dry.

"Bobbie, what mischief are you up to now?" he bellowed. "I'll teach you to be abusin' your sisters." The agile Bobbie could not dodge the resounding slap that caught his freckled jaw. He howled loudly and lustily, and, this time, with good reason.

But Dad's ill-humor, accumulated through a long, heart-breaking day in the sweltering shop, had not yet found ample vent. He turned on his daughter.

"An' Miriam, if I hear anny more of that dam swearin' out of your mouth, I'll break every bone in your body. No girl of mine will use language like that in this house."

Poor Miriam! That, from her father, was the last straw. She sulked for the remainder of the evening.

In strained silence they gathered about the dinner table, gulped down iced tea and ice water, and more iced tea and more ice water, then, one by one, slunk away from the almost untasted meal without so much as a "We thank Thee, O Lord."

* * *

As the priest walked slowly home, all the concentrated heat of the day seemed to lie low and suffocating, like poison gas, along the darkening street. Many thoughts, intensely practical, though a trifle humiliating, thrust themselves upon his mind.

"What slaves we are to these corruptible bodies! How they tyrannize over our immortal souls! Yet we will not learn, like level-headed St. Paul, to chastize our bodies and keep them in subjection. We scoff at fasting and voluntary self-punishment. We call it fanatical, mediaeval, a foolish waste of time and energy. Instead, we pamper and coddle these animated houses of clay. We levy on every contrivance of modern invention to cater to their every inclination and preserve them from the least discomfort. As a result they grow daily more and more insistent and insatiable in their demands. In heat or cold, hunger or fatigue, in disagreeable circumstances of any kind, they rebel, usurp the mastery, and our intellect and will are crushed and strangled under the gross weight of the flesh. Our nobler instincts are smothered, and all that is mean and ugly in us is brought into prominence. See how a little bodily discomfort can transform the happiest home in the parish into a picture of the infernal regions." Thus mused Father Casey.

The Divine Friend

HOURS OF PEACE AND GROWTH

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

This is the season of the year when all who can afford to do so take a vacation from their work, for the benefit of their bodies. And none reckons it time lost. This is the season, too, when our Catholic people, men and women, more and more think of a vacation for their souls, in a week-end retreat. The opportunities are being offered increasingly year by year, and year by year the number of those who avail themselves of such an opportunity is steadily growing.

It is a real vacation for the soul. Busy throughout the days of the year with thoughts of one's job and the worries of the home, taken up with various this-worldly occupations and interests, in themselves all legitimate yet none the less absorbing, set in the midst of amusements, necessary, indeed, in their time and measure, yet often far from uplifting and ennobling, the soul longs for a moment when it can look into itself more closely and honestly, in the light of the Tabernacle Lamp—when it can look on its life and progress towards eternity more serenely and dispassionately—when it can quell the fears and doubts and smothered disturbances that have accumulated through the months, and find peace and strength for the fulfillment of duty.

Such a moment is a retreat. For the quiet of the country, there is the House of God; for play and relaxation, there is the freedom of the soul unburdened; for companionship, there is the company of Jesus, Our Lady and the angels of the sanctuary; for the fresh sea-air, the breath of God in the atmosphere of prayer and devotion. Blessed are those who can avail themselves of this spiritual opportunity!

A little book has come to my hands—it is just off the press—and I feel that many would be glad to know of it. It is meant especially for religious; but before God, all souls and their needs are so much alike, that it will serve layfolk just as well. Those who have the time to leave work and worry behind and take advantage of a week-end alone with God and their souls, would find much in it to help them—an angel companion for the days of retreat. And those who are unable to make a retreat away from home could easily spend a few profitable days with this book.

This is the manner in which the author, a Belgian Redemptorist, with wide experience in the missionary field, presents the idea of a Retreat:

WHAT IS NECESSARY TO MAKE A GOOD RETREAT

1. A soul that wishes to make a retreat of Love should reject all irrelevant preoccupation, suppress anxious cares, and dismiss from the mind those business concerns which hitherto have occupied it.

Like a sponge in the depths of the sea, she should plunge herself into the Heart of Jesus, and allow the waters of Divine Love to penetrate her on all sides.

There must be interior and exterior solitude; the soul should clothe herself with silence as with a garment.

Jesus has so much to say! It ought not to seem too much to give a few days to listen to Him. Pious soul, close the door of thy heart, sit at His Feet, quite close to Him, look up at those Eyes so full of kindness, and say to Him: Divine Master, speak to me of the Land of Love.

2. Do not forget that it is Jesus Who is to give your retreat. You are there, like a little pupil, ignorant of the first elements of its lesson. It is for Him to instruct you, and for you to listen.

Do not, then, fatigue yourself arranging beautiful thoughts; these are not what Jesus wants. He does not wish to enrich your understanding with the knowledge of high things. He simply desires to touch your heart, and to bear it away, along the paths of Love and Sacrifice. Bring Him a sincere and docile heart.

3. Your retreat is not a study, but much rather a prayer. Whilst you run your eyes over the proposed truths, let your heart breathe a prayer, that Jesus may give you understanding.

All the time that you can dispose of should be spent in keeping yourself close to Jesus in an attitude of supplication.

The Divine Master will thus enable you to grasp the Truth proposed, to relish it, and to practice it.

4. The making of a good retreat does not mean, a forcing of the mind or heart; no straining is required to read day by day, and point by point, the proposed thoughts. If you feel inclined to read through the whole chapter, you may do so, but go back again, read, and re-read, and endeavor to assimilate what suits your soul.

There may be only a single word, or a single phrase in these pages

to which God has attached His special Grace for you, and this single thought will nourish your soul during the whole retreat, and will help you, even to the end of your life.

Always preserve liberty of spirit, and peace of heart. Avoid excessive fatigue. Do not burden yourself with too many exercises.

When you feel tired of the mental application, occupy yourself in spiritual reading, or do some manual work.

5. Do not imagine that the enemy of perfection will allow you to enjoy a perfect peace during these days. He may be preparing to stir up disquiet over the past, or fears concerning the future, or he may be going to sow in your heart the seeds of distrust or discouragement. He will certainly use every effort to make you believe that you are not intended or expected to rise to the heights of Divine Love.

Have no fear of this artful campaign of your enemy. Jesus loves you: who can harm you?

Nevertheless, you must aid your Divine Master, ignore these depressing thoughts, not even casting on them a look of contempt, but repeat: Jesus! I love You, I trust You, I believe in Your Love.

If one of the proposed truths depresses or saddens you, leave it, at once, and pass on to something else. Whatever discourages, is not written for you.

Even in the examination of faults, suitable limits must be observed. No anxious analysis must be permitted, nor must you try to know how far you have progressed in virtue.

All that only discourages, and there should be no pusillanimity at this moment, when Jesus is going to take the affair of your sanctification into His Own Hands.

6. Silence, docility, prayer, liberty of spirit, peace of heart—what else is necessary in order to hear the voice of Jesus?

Add to all this a little grain of mortification.

Do not be frightened, Christian soul still weak, Jesus will also teach you during these days the sweetness of the Cross, and at the end of those Divine lessons, you will be filled with the desire to go against and mortify self.

But, even now, Jesus asks you for some little sacrifice. Oh! not anything very great: the sacrifice of a little sloth, of a repugnance, of an antipathy, of an unnecessary look, of a useless thought, of a day-dream, of a convenience, of a gratification of the sense of taste, of a

selfish interest, of a little curiosity. Can you refuse so small a thing to so great a God?

It is to such trifles as these that Jesus is about to attach the grace of the retreat.

Jesus always acts thus. When one denies self, He is pleased, and He communicates Himself. When such small sacrifices are refused, He is grieved, because His Heart cannot pour Itself out.

7. Oh! how anxious Jesus is about this retreat! If, during these days you take, even one step forward towards Him, His Sacred Heart will be gladdened. Not only will you walk towards perfection, Jesus will give you wings to fly. He will inspire you with boundless confidence in His Infinite Goodness, and an absolute and radical distrust of yourself. On these two wings He will raise you to the summit of the mountain of Love.

8. Happy soul! Your life is about to change. You are going to live in a supernatural atmosphere, where the air is pure. You are about to become an inhabitant of a Divine country! Fear nothing!

After the retreat, you will never more leave these enchanting shores; Jesus will not allow you: you will be held by Love.

9. Cast yourself, then, on God this evening, and make from your heart an act of burning love: "Jesus! I love You, I give myself to You. Do with me, and by me, as You wish. Lead me, no matter where, even were it, to Calvary."

"Good Mother of Perpetual Help, Queen of Charity, I entrust this retreat to you; take my heart, change it, purify it, and fill it with Holy Love."

The name of this little book is: *The Divine Friend*, by Joseph Schryvers, C.Ss.R. Translated by a Sister of Mercy.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

Dr. Creighton, in his Thoughts on Education, declares:

"Religion is concerned with the science of life, the greatest of all sciences. We may say of other sciences: 'I need not study this; life is short and knowledge is great, and it is only a few things that I can learn.' But there is one subject that every man must be concerned with, one science which everyone has to face, and that is the science of life; and it is just the science of life with which religion is concerned."

Fingers Crossed

JAMES SMILEY, C.Ss.R.

The District Attorney smiled complacently. His evidence had been overwhelmingly against the prisoner. The cross-questioning of his star witnesses by the attorney for the defense had been a fiasco. The summing up for the defense had been feeble and there had been no witnesses in favor of the accused.

He had been a long time waiting for this conviction or one like it. The Slovak and Hungarian miners imported in the first place to break up a strike of miners and steel workers had become the most stubborn Union Men to deal with. Worse than their stubbornness was their tendency to right wrongs by violence, even by murders so craftily committed that they would do credit to an American Indian. Coal and Iron police were found dead—killed—but no one could ever be found who had seen the slaying.

But this case had been different. True it was that everybody in the community had felt that if ever a policeman had deserved death, the victim of the murder did. Yet the State was clamoring for a conviction in a first-degree murder case in the mine killings, and the case was "open and shut," or so had seemed, to the District Attorney. Mike Pavlovik, the accused, had been brutally beaten without cause by the policeman some time before. He had sworn vengeance. The policeman had been found dead, riddled with shot from a twelve-gauge shotgun. The gun from which the death charge had apparently been fired had been found in Mike's cabin, hidden under a bed, with two exploded shells still in the barrels. More than that, two of Mike's countrymen had testified to having seen Mike go out with the gun, to having heard two reports of a shotgun, and had seen Mike return to his cabin.

Best of all, the District Attorney had succeeded in getting a jury composed of eleven Americans with only one Slovak, and the Slovak was a farmer from a distant part of the county, not even interested in coal because, as he explained it when challenged, "me burn wood." He was, as the cub Assistant District Attorney had sneeringly remarked, "so dumb he would make an oyster blush."

True, Mike Pavlovik had claimed he was framed. But the only evidence brought to prove this was that Mike had become engaged to

a Slovak damsel of uncertain age who had refused to marry one of the State's witnesses some five years before. She sat now close to the prisoner's dock, weeping silently. The prisoner vouchsafed her never a glance, but sat stolidly staring straight at the door of the jury room. Fatalists these Slovaks, apparently, in the way they receive evil tidings.

The jury had been out less than an hour and the District Attorney had been hastily summoned from lunch to be present when they brought in their verdict. In a few moments they would file in, as soon as the Judge, for whom all were waiting, took his place on the bench. Then would come the verdict. The District Attorney could already hear the foreman, a hard-headed banker from the County Seat, saying: "Guilty of Murder in the First Degree." It must be guilty. So short a session of the jury could mean nothing else. Besides the evidence had been clear as daylight, and the jury were all good men and true. He was sure of them all, except the Slovak, and he would be too abashed by the distinguished eleven to open his mouth, no matter where his sympathy lay.

The Judge took his seat and ordered a bailiff to bring in the jury. Marenko Stimko, Mike's sweetheart, convulsively pressed the beads that had been falling unnoticed by spectators through her fingers all the time the jury had been deliberating. Mike's throat muscles swelled till they stood out like whip-cords. Otherwise he moved not at all. The District Attorney smiled, for victory was sure. The Attorney for the defense nervously tore into bits a paper he was holding.

The jury filed in solemnly. The Judge cleared his throat. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the Judge, "have you reached a verdict?"

"We have," responded the foreman of the jury easily. "We find the accused, Michael Pavlovik, not guilty of the charge against him."

There was a stunned silence in the court room. Then a sob from Marenka, who rose and stretched her arms toward Mike, who moved not at all, but tears as large as raindrops were running down his cheeks. A miner cheered, to be sternly silenced by the gavel of the Judge and a black look from the court officer. The District Attorney gasped and sank into a chair with the look of a fighter who has just received a knockout blow. The Attorney for the defense opened his mouth as though to speak, then closed his lips abruptly. His nose-glasses fell on the floor and were broken to pieces but he paid no heed.

The Judge began to speak. His tones were crisp, his words were

biting. "Before polling the jury," he rasped, "I wish to state that in the face of such overwhelming evidence against the accused, it has never been my misfortune during my twenty years on the bench to have a jury bring in such an—an absurd and outlandish verdict. Though contrary to the usual court procedure, this verdict is so unusual that this court would ask to be enlightened by the foreman of the jury as to just how such a decision of Not Guilty was obtained."

"Your Honor," said the foreman, "when we entered the jury room eleven of us were of the same opinion as the court has just expressed. The evidence was overwhelmingly against the prisoner. However, the evidence for conviction depended entirely on the reliability of the two chief witnesses for the prosecution. Ten minutes after we arrived in the jury room we were absolutely and unanimously convinced that these men had deliberately perjured themselves and the jury asks that they be arrested and charged with perjury."

"Ahem!" coughed the Judge surprisedly, clearing his throat. "From the manner in which they gave their testimony we see no reason why their arrest should be ordered on such a charge. Please explain why you make such a request."

"If your Honor please," said the foreman, "we shall let Juryman Hlavik do the explaining. His lucid explanation led us to bring in our verdict."

"Juryman Hla—Hlavik will please tell the Court what he knows," rasped the Judge.

Juryman Hlavik, the Slovak member of the jury, rose embarrassedly, a tall gangling figure of a typical Slovak small farmer. "Please, Meester Judge," he began, "in my kontree, in ole kontree, things not like here in Ameriky. Here man get up—him take oat—evvrybody blieve him, by golly. You watch him talk, dot's all. You ask questions—him answer alright—evvrybody blieve. Mebbe him tell damn lie, but him sound alright—nobody care. Him take oat—call God to show him tell troot—you say him lie, him go to jail. In my kontree we say man call God for witness—take oat—him tell lie—him go to hell."

Somebody laughed. The Judge rapped sternly with his gavel and interjected: "Though couched in unusual language the juror shows clearly that his people understand very well the serious nature of an oath."

Hlavik continued: "Sometime man take oat—but all same him tell

no troot. Then him scared God strike dead. Dees man," and Hlavik pointed to the rejected suitor of Marenka, "and dees man," pointing to the other star witness of the State, "him both Hanyak."

"May I ask, what is Hanyak?" asked the Judge.

"Oh," responded Hlavik, as though amazed that any intelligent man should ask such a question, "Hanyak, him dumb or Slavish mans. Hanyaks dey been Katoliks alright—blieve God, blieve hell—blieve tell lie an ask God for witness him go hell. Onless—" and Hlavik paused.

"Yes, yes," said the Judge, "Go on."

"Onless him do somethings make oat good for nutting."

"How can a man swear and yet believe his evidence is not under oath, my man?" inquired the Judge surprisedly.

"In dees kontree no can be done, never!" said Hlavik. "In some parts ole kontree, like part of my kontree where Hanyak come from, some mens blieve can be done. How? Vell, when dees mans talk, I do not watch lips, I watch evvrytings. Hanyak blieve you take oat—you no go hell if tell lie when you hold in mout piece o money—or you put left hand on heart it make oat no good even if right hand in air. Or you make oat no good—you say words and when you finish you make spit."

"But all this is rank nonsense and suspicion," cried the Judge.

"Sure dot stuff it all crazy," said Hlavik. "But Hanyak him no understand Katolik religion so good. And so dot fellow Hanyaks dey blieve dees beesniss alright. So, Meester Judge, when dees two fellows tell about murder an take oats, I bet you I watch dem and me show Mr. Foreman—big boss of jury, what dey do. Dot fellow Brinsko him make oat—right way spit on floor and policemen get mad. All time him talk him got money in him mout. Dot odder fellows, him spit, too, and while him talk him got left hand on heart. So no matter how much talk, Slavish mans know dot fellow him tell dam lie. So me tell odder jurymans in room. Dey say, Meester Hlavik you vershtay Slavish mans all right. You know better as we. We let that fellow, Pavlovik, go free."

The Judge paused an instant. Then said: "The Sheriff will place the two State witnesses under arrest for perjury. Clerk, poll the jury."

The jury was polled. The case was dismissed.

Pavlovik was joined in the corridor of the jail by his sweetheart, Marenka. She was kissing him again and again in a shower of tears

when Hlavik joined them. Going up to Marenka he put his arms around the girl, who kissed him affectionately, as though they were near relatives. The District Attorney, hurrying through the corridor, saw this.

"Here, here, you," he said angrily, "you Hlavik. Are you a friend of this girl?"

"More as friend," grinned Hlavik. "We been related."

"Related nothing!" said the District Attorney. "We looked up your record and inquired of your entire neighborhood. You are of two entirely different families from distant parts of Slovakia."

"Sure, sure," grinned Hlavik. "But Meester Lawyer you no ver-shtay how it ees in my kontree. You no know Katolik religions."

"No, I do not," confessed the District Attorney. "But how can your Catholic religion make you this girl's relative?"

"Me be her kimoter," said Hlavik simply.

"What on earth is a kimoter?" asked the District Attorney.

"Kimoter, dats Slavish word," laughed Hlavik happily. "In English you call godfather for Baptism—for christen. In ole kontree a mans what be kimoter for boy or girl, him just like in dees kontree dot kid's onkel."

"Believe me, before I try another Hunky case I'm going to study up on Slovak customs and beliefs and superstitions," said the District Attorney. "Thank God we have no such nonsense in this country. We would never think of believing that putting a coin in the mouth would justify us in telling a downright lie and it wouldn't count against us."

"Oh, yes," said Hlavik, "dees kontree got some such stuff, too—all same like in ole kontree."

"Never heard of it until today," said the District Attorney.

"Oh yes, you do," said Hlavik. "My name Steve Hlavik. You not know me Meester Jones?"

"Can't say that I ever saw you till today," said the District Attorney.

"Vell, fifteen, mebbe twenty year ago, me young fellow—you just young lawyer. Me get in fight—get pinched. My friend he bring you. You say, 'Steve, give me feefty dollar I get you off.' Me give feefty dollar."

"And what happened?" laughed the lawyer.

"Judge him fine me one hoondred dollar and send me jail for one mont. Me get out of jail—go to you, want money back. You laugh. Me say, 'Meester Jones you tell me for feefty dollar you get me off.'

"You laugh—you say: 'Dot's all right, Steve. Me have my fingers crossed when I tole you.' See, Slavish mans, Hanyak him on witness stand, tell dam lie—him put money in mout. American lawyer tink dot all right, tell dam lie—him got fingers crossed. Goot bye, Meester Jones. Wort feefty dollar to see how you look when jury let Pavlovik free."

INSEPARABLE

There are two lovely things in this world,—two things of which poets and romanticists never grow weary,—love and sacrifice; and oftenest these two go hand in hand.

Love that is worth while is shot through with suffering, or at least an eagerness to bear pain for the sake of the one beloved, and to take on its own shoulders suffering that might fall on the other.

A mother's love is filled with an incredible eagerness to immolate herself for the sake of her children. Her feet bleed that her children may be spared the rough ways of life; her shoulders bend under the load of sorrow that she hopes to keep from them; her eyes are red with sleepiness that they may sleep in peace.

And so of all great loves, whether for wife or country or God,—the test and the measure is sacrifice. One does not love who does not willingly suffer.—*Daniel Lord, S.J.*, in *Our Nuns*.

MINUS ITS BACKBONE

Lord Balfour, famous English statesman and writer, in speaking of our modern creedless religions, said:

"I myself am totally incapable of comprehending what that religion is which is 'free from creeds and dogmas'. A creed is a formal statement of something you believe. A dogma is a particular proposition stating a belief. How can you teach anything religious or irreligious, sacred or secular, which shall not have in it something of the nature of creed and dogma,—that is to say, definite propositions embodying what are believed to be definite principles?

"If it were possible to teach religion without creed and dogma, religion would be quite different from every other subject of education, the whole of which consists of definite propositions and definite beliefs."

Thoughts On Catholic Education

ECHOES FROM COMMENCEMENT DAYS

SELECTED

Some of the finest thoughts on Catholic education are uttered on the occasion of the Commencement exercises in our various schools and institutions of learning. They deserve a wider hearing. And it is with special pleasure that we cull the following from the Springfield (Mass.) *Mirror*.

BISHOP O'LEARY OF SPRINGFIELD

"We are at home on the American continent, which a Catholic navigator first gave to the world, Catholic missionaries first dyed with their blood. Our Catholic forefathers fought shoulder to shoulder with those of other religious persuasions for the establishment of our liberties, and Catholic heroes have defended them, on land and sea, in the hours that tried the nation's soul.

"The perpetuation of those liberties our glorious Constitution guarantees, assuring us of equal opportunity with every other element in our population. All we need is the ability, the education, the character to grasp those opportunities when occasion presents itself, and these essentials of success are the Catholic Alma Mater's gifts to her children. Going forth with these priceless endowments of heart and soul, our Catholic graduates can be certain that, on the great Commencement Day of eternity, the Recording Angel will write for them another diploma, ushering in the eternal happiness of the soldier to whom the Great Commander says, 'Well done.'

"All our praise of our Catholic schools and their work redounds to the credit of the teaching Sisters, the presiding geniuses of our classrooms. The future progress and glory of the Catholic Church rests with our Catholic schools, and our Catholic schools depend for their existence, their success, their expansion, on the consecrated lives of the nuns who instruct the children from kindergarten to the portals of the university. Therefore, by an incontrovertible reasoning, the success and glory of our Catholic Church itself depends on the lives of heroic self-denial and self-consecration which are synonymous with the teaching sisterhoods of the Church. We can lay this meed of deserved praise at their feet: only the God to Whom alone they look for reward can reward them.

"We also thank and praise the faithful Catholic parents who, deaf to the alluring promises of the secular school, have sent their children to schools where they seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and where, not to be outdone in generosity, the Master sees that all things else are added, so that the graduate of the Catholic high school yields the palm of superior preparation even for secular success to the graduate of no high school in this broad land. Some of our parish schools go back sixty years to their origin, and these threescore years tell of loyal parents, true to God and country, patiently shouldering the burden of a double taxation to prove their belief in education for all and a religious education for their own. The generations of Catholic parents who have thus stood loyally by the Cross of Christ in the classroom and the Sisters who keep it there, are deserving of the special blessing of God and His Church. The Sister giving her life in the classroom, the parents leading lives of self-denial and heroic sacrifice at home to send their little ones to Catholic schools, are more deserving of honor and tribute than the soldier who gives his life for his country in one glorious hour on the field of battle."

REV. JOHN A. O'CONNELL

"The lack of religious training is playing havoc with our people, for in halls of higher learning outside the protecting pale of the Catholic Church, all thought of God is seemingly forgotten. A school without a conscience is a menace to society, and its products degrade themselves in public office by listening to the voice of the almighty dollar and not to the voice of God. Men are beginning to realize that knowledge without religion is dangerous, and, as an eminent statesman says, they who possess it are capable only of preying on one another.

"It is Christian faith that is the anchor in the stormy days of life. The chief work in life is to save your souls, for 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world but lose his immortal soul?' You have a soul in the image and likeness of God and it is your business to save it. Your duty is salvation.

"It is the privilege of this class to continue its education at a college scarcely more distant than their high school—at 'Our Lady of the Elms,' Chicopee, which receives its freshman class this year, and, in half a century of teaching success, guarantees a college training that will rank its graduates with the best."

REV. JOHN F. GRIFFIN

"Environment? The youth of today is as good as the youth of yesterday; the girls are as good as their mothers or grandmothers, the boys as good as their fathers. But their environment is different. Are we doing our share to keep their environment as it should be? The child is an imitator. If we tell him one thing and then do the opposite ourselves, we cannot expect him to do any better. Give a boy a gun and tell him it is loaded and he wants to see for himself if it really is loaded. He will pull the trigger to see if it is loaded. We have responsibilities toward them that we must not shirk.

"Shall we ever learn the lesson that as Jesus Christ was crucified His disciples must expect to be warred upon? There will always be an alignment of right against wrong, truth against error, good against bad. These young people come into the world just as their parents did. Each soul must be developed through a long, patient struggle.

"If the members of the alumni have returned to us today with positions of honor and trust it is because they have lived up to the teachings, the character development they have received. If there are any who have betrayed us it is not because of the training they have received but in spite of it. We are confident that if you live up to the principles you have been taught here you will succeed; you will lead a good life.

"But the struggle for salvation is beyond any of us single-handed. Salvation is supernatural, it requires supernatural graces. Make use of the blood of Christ. The attitude of the person who refuses to make use of the blood of Christ is the attitude of the open sinner. We have that blood on the altar; make use of it."

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

Lars Eskeland, one of the foremost educators of Norway and a recent convert to the Church, declared:

"I found I could not remain in a church which disputed about Christ in his very temples; where one met with clergymen who taught the Divinity of Christ and with others who denied it. In the Catholic Church I find peace. Another reason for my conversion is my private conviction that I could not afford to do without the Sacrament of Penance."

Sword and Cross

GENERAL GASTON LOUIS DE SONIS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

De Sonis set out on what proved to be his last campaign with a full knowledge of the seriousness of the situation and of his dangers.

"A Dieu," he wrote to a friend after he had received his commission as General. "I am going to my death. May God have mercy on my soul, and take care of my dear wife and my poor children."

When he arrived at Tours, where the French Government resided during the Siege of Paris, he saw at once in what a hopeless state affairs were. Nobody could tell him what he was to do—nobody knew where the army corps was to which he was assigned—there was utter confusion. When orders came, they were contradictory. Finally, he was put in command of the 17th army corps and ordered to the defense of Vendome.

But his army corps was a disgruntled, inexperienced, undisciplined and scattered body. In it there was only one efficient regiment: that of the Papal Zouaves, who had fought for the Papal States, under their brave leader, Colonel de Charette. It was upon them that the brunt of the fighting devolved.

De Sonis thus outlined his plan to his superior officer, General d'Aurelle:

"There is a Prussian camp five leagues from Marboise at Brou. If you will allow me, I shall leave Marboise at dawn with a force of light cavalry, and attack the enemy; and I think I shall succeed. If I do, the Prussian troops which are before Vendome will find out that a French army corps is about to attack them in the rear, and their movements will be temporarily stopped. This will give us time to move troops to Vendome."

D'Aurelle saw the wisdom of it and accepted his plan at once. Through the bravery of the Zouaves he was able to drive the enemy from their position. But, the effect differed from his calculations. The Prussians turned upon him the forces destined to act against Vendome. His position became at once difficult and dangerous in the extreme. Still, he assured General d'Aurelle:

"I am here under orders, and I promise you I will remain as long as I possibly can. You can reckon on me."

His defense was arranged to his satisfaction, when suddenly an official order came from the Minister of War at Tours, to retreat to Marchenoir. He could not understand the order—but, as a soldier, he knew there was nothing to be done but to obey. He conducted the difficult retreat in perfect order and silence and having arrived at his post, spent the time in endeavoring to reestablish order and discipline in the ranks, and to inspire his men with the patriotism and confidence that filled his own heart. His corps consisted of almost 50,000 men—but he saw that their condition was almost hopeless. Many had not even shoes to wear; and the ground was covered with snow and ice. Then, in two days, he received an order to hasten to the aid of General d'Aurelle. He did. But his almost barefooted troops marched slowly. Suddenly another order came—to try to occupy the position which General Chanzy had abandoned and drive back the Bavarians. It was nine o'clock at night—the men were tired out. But orders had to be obeyed. Once more he led his straggling columns over the icy road.

"We were marching at night," wrote General de Sonis, "but very slowly, on account of the ice; the horses could hardly keep their feet. . . . Turning round to see who was following me, I saw Colonel de Charette (the commander of the Papal Zouaves), who had dismounted to walk and warm himself. I did the same, and we began to talk as we marched. . . . We talked of Divine things."

The Chaplain of the Zouaves joined them. "We spoke," says he, "of the great and only means of safety for France and her army—that of becoming frankly Christian." At that time the government was thoroughly un-Christian and Masonic.

De Sonis, pointing to his banner, which was carried by one of the Spahis, said:

"That is why I put the sign you see on my flag." It was a white cross on a blue ground.

"But, General," exclaimed Charette, "I should like some more distinctly religious emblem."

"You are quite right," replied de Sonis; "this heraldic device does not speak enough of Jesus Christ. I had a crucifix painted on it at first; but it was so badly done, I could not keep it."

"Well," answered de Charette, "I have just what you want." He then began to tell of the banner of the Sacred Heart which had been given to the Papal Zouaves. It was of white moire silk, embroidered

in gold, bearing in the center the Sacred Heart of Jesus in red velvet. Above and below the image were the words: Heart of Jesus, Save France!

"Colonel," said de Sonis, "I thank you heartily. You have offered me these colors, and now it is I that give them to you for your regiment. May they be borne before you, for you richly deserve it!"

An officer of the staff who was present remarked that, seeing the skeptical spirit of the army, it would be well to wait with displaying so religious an emblem, until the cannon was heard. "Then," he added, "no one is disposed to laugh."

"Yes," replied the General, "we will wait for that signal—it cannot be long delayed."

That banner was to play a great part in a few days. When they bivouacked that night, de Sonis, as usual, saw that all officers and men were taken care of for the night. He himself remained up to watch. At two o'clock in the morning he woke his friends. They went to the village Church, where the chaplain said Mass for them—the Mass of the Sacred Heart—for it was the first Friday of December. De Sonis, according to his wont, received Holy Communion, as did many of the Zouaves. For most of them it was their Viaticum. That very day many were to meet death on the field of battle.

In fact, their thanksgiving was hardly ended, when an order came to march to Patay. Everyone was in good spirits for an official report had been received—it was false—that a great victory had been won by the troops who were besieged in Paris.

At Patay they stopped to take a few hours' rest. But it was very short; for a messenger arrived with a note from General Chanzy:

"We are hard pressed at Loigny; come to our aid."

The moment was critical indeed. Chanzy's forces were almost completely surrounded. De Sonis lost not a moment of time. With the weary troops he set out once more—for Loigny.

"Hardly had we started," he writes, "when we met a multitude of carts and ambulances full of wounded—then a number of troops of the 10th corps, who leaving their ranks in groups of five or six, were escaping from the battlefield. I was exasperated at the sight, and tried to encourage those who passed near us to return, but without success. They were too numerous, and the impression on my own troops was very

bad. They felt that things were going ill and were more and more discouraged."

"When we arrived at Villepion, I at once ordered two of my batteries to begin firing, calling out to the 16th corps: 'The 17th corps is coming.' This gave those men a little heart. It was then half past two. Then suddenly General Chanzy came up to me and said:

" 'Do me the kindness to replace me here.'

"I did so at once; but had the sorrow to find that no sooner did our battalions replace his, than the latter went to the rear. Where were they going? Was it only to rest and reform at a little distance off, and then come back to support us? No; they went further and further. There was no longer any doubt about it. They were in full retreat and had abandoned us! My men and I were simply sacrificed."

"It was hard to feel," he said later before the Commission of Enquiry, "that after having come with my brigade to help a large army corps, I had no hope of being succored myself in the hour of need."

This did not make him hesitate. At once, with his comparatively little brigade, he proceeded to attack the Prussian position. His artillery behaved splendidly. "This fine body of officers and men distinguished themselves," he said later before the Commission of Enquiry, "by their true military spirit. I can never speak highly enough in their praise."

Under protection of this fire, the General was about to charge the enemy with the infantry and cavalry, when he saw a great move in the line of battle. Someone shouted: "The center is retreating."

With one bound of his horse, de Sonis flew to the two regiments that were failing him, and tried to stop them.

"Forward," he shouted. "Are you afraid?" In vain. "Miserable men!" he continued, "you will be our destruction. The Prussians will press through and cut our brigade in half—we will be annihilated!" In vain. They continued their retreat. He threatened to shoot them down.

"You are cowards!" he cried. "You dishonor us; you are unworthy of the name of Frenchmen!" The Spahis of his escort beat them with the flat of their swords—it produced no effect.

"Well," exclaimed de Sonis, "if you do not know how to die for your country, I will have the colors brought out. Try to follow them."

He galloped back to his artillery reserve, where he had placed the Zouaves, and called to Colonel Charette:

"Colonel, give me one of your battalions." Then addressing those brave Zouaves, he said:

"There are some cowards down there, who refuse to march, and who will lose the whole army. Try to bring them back to their duty! Forward! Follow me! Let us show them the worth of men of courage and Christians!"

A cry of enthusiasm went up from the men. They crowded round him—all asking for the post of danger. He took three hundred of them, leaving the rest to guard the artillery.

"This is the moment," he said, turning to Charette, "to show our banner of the Sacred Heart."

It was unfurled. The effect was electric. Even the disheartened regiment turned to follow him and his noble Zouaves. De Sonis still hoped that the 3rd division, which he had ordered to join him, would come to his aid. Before the shock of the rushing Zouaves, the Germans retreated, only to make a stand near the village of Loigny, and send a perfect rain of musketry fire into the French ranks. This was enough for the 51st regiment. It broke again and fled, and disappeared altogether. De Sonis and the Zouaves saw that they were alone.

"Long live France!" they cried. "Long live Pius IX!" and made their last desperate charge. It was a forlorn hope. Two hundred of the three hundred Zouaves fell. A bullet shattered the General's thigh and he had to be lifted from his horse. His aides wanted to stay with him. But he would not hear of it. The Prussians were in full pursuit and they would fall into their hands. So they took the saddle, propped the badly wounded General against it and left him.

"I was there alone," he wrote afterwards, "incapable of movement, stretched on the snowy ground. All around me lay noble victims, who had given their lives freely for honor and for their country. . . . The Prussian army soon after passed over our bodies in perfect order. I own I could not but admire the discipline and bearing of those troops. When they came to the dead and wounded, the soldiers stopped and took possession of whatever arms had any value. One of them came up to me, and, turning me over with great brutality, unclasped my sword-belt and took my sword and pistol. . . . Then to my disgust, I saw one of the soldiers go up to a wounded Zouave and, seeing he was still alive, knock him on the head with the butt-end of his rifle. It was the brave Commandant de Troussures. I felt that the

same fate would be mine in a few moments, and placed my soul in the hands of God.

"I thought it still more when another soldier came up and looked at me. But this one was a good Samaritan, and, seizing my hand, pressed it with real sympathy, exclaiming: 'Comrade!' It was perhaps the only word he knew in French, but he said it in a tone that went to my heart. Leaning over me, he gave me some drops of brandy which were in his gourd. I had had nothing for twenty-four hours. Then he took my head very carefully and replaced it on my saddle, covering me with a cloak which was lying near. I tried to express my gratitude; but, finding that he did not understand me, I could only point to heaven and pray to Our Lord to reward him for his act of charity."

Night fell. It must have been a terrible night. All around lay the dead and wounded; far off shone the lurid light of burning villages; the wounded moaned and cried for "Doctor!" "Water!" "Ambulance!" The pain from his wound was terrible—his thigh was broken to bits—and he lost blood. To his mind came thoughts of his wife and children.

Toward eleven o'clock the snow began to fall in heavy flakes, and little by little the cries of the wounded ceased. Death was doing its work and the snow covered the bodies as with a shroud.

A young Zouave, who had seen de Sonis, dragged himself along the snow and laid himself down by the General's side, leaning his head on his shoulder. De Sonis spoke to him of God, of the Blessed Virgin, of heaven. The lad died soon after.

Several times during that night, he thought he heard rescuing bands approaching and with all his remaining strength tried to call for help—but no one heard; he tried to drag himself in the direction of the voices—he could not move. He gave up all human hope. But great consolation was his.

"I can say," he wrote later, "that her presence (Our Blessed Lady's) was continually with me during that terrible night, and, thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes, those hours, during which I expected death every moment, were not without consolation. She softened my sufferings so much that I may be said scarcely to have felt them."

At 10 in the morning help came. With the few who still survived he was carried to the priesthouse at Loigny, where they received medical aid. His left leg had to be amputated; the right was frozen and gangrene had set in, but the limb was saved. For forty-five days he lay there in continual pain.

His feelings may be gleaned from a letter written to his wife during the first days of his suffering:

"Dearest, pray and get prayers for me. Thank God for all the graces He has granted me. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, I was permitted to have Mass said in my room, and to receive Holy Communion. I was then very closely united to you in the Holy Sacrifice. Oh, if only our sufferings could save France! The misfortunes of our country are as a sad veil darkening the peace which God has given me. If it were not for that, I should be full of hope. Adieu, dearest—and always, to God. I embrace you and my dear children most tenderly, uniting you all in the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

As soon as his wife heard of his whereabouts she came to Loigny to nurse him. It was a sad meeting indeed. She describes those days thus:

"I passed many days in that poor little room at Loigny, not knowing whether I should ever be able to save him; and an agonized witness of his fearful sufferings, which I was unable to relieve. He bore them so heroically that the doctors and the curé were in constant admiration. The curé, whose devotedness was incomparable, brought him Holy Communion, in which the poor victim found strength to bear his agony. In the very short moments of respite from pain which were granted to him, I used to read a chapter of the Gospels to him, or some words from the Imitation of Christ."

"All around us," she continues, "we had nothing but sad and sickening sights. Loigny was one great ambulance. The surgeon's operations took place in the hall of the presbytery. On every side was blood and the remains of limbs which had been cut off."

In this dreadful place they were forced to spend three months. De Sonis, meanwhile, forgetful of his own sufferings, thought only of those of others. True, he could do little but talk, but his conversation helped greatly to inspire the others with his own courage and spirit of faith. The noble Colonel de Charette, who was among the wounded, said of de Sonis:

"It is impossible to spend a quarter of an hour with de Sonis without coming away a better soldier and a better Christian." This was the impression made on all; in fact, he came to be known as "the holy martyr of Loigny."

"It was to his bedside," wrote the mother of one of the Zouaves

who had been wounded and died at Loigny, "that I went to learn the lesson of courage and strength which was so necessary to me, lest I should sink under my troubles. After having heard him talk, and seen what he suffered, I could go back to my darling boy who was equally mutilated, and could inspire him with the faith and hope and courage which I had gathered from his General."

He himself gathered his strength from the contemplation of his Divine Lord and our Blessed Lady, for which his long confinement gave him much time. And he used it faithfully. There was one thought uppermost in his mind—how to thank God by new service and sacrifice, for having preserved his life.

"As He has deigned to preserve my life, may I employ it more than ever in His service."

Thus closed de Sonis' last campaign. The treaty of peace with Prussia was signed and his fate hung in the balance. But President Thiers, who appreciated his noble qualities, put him in command of the 16th military division with headquarters at Rennes.

His outspoken Catholicity and declared royalism prevented him from securing well-paid positions and subjected him to constant changes of command. This brought him face to face at every turn with the old question: how to provide for his family. For the changes made it impossible for him to establish a home anywhere and necessitated great expenses.

Thus he wrote to a friend, Dom Sarlat:

"I have just received a brutal notice of my change of command. . . . The new Minister of War thinks I have been too long at the head of my division and that I must change both my residence and command. This causes me great grief and also terrible expense. But, nothing happens without the Will of God. Fiat!"

Despite the hardships his crippled condition imposed on him, he always fulfilled his duty to the last iota. "No one knows as well as he does," General de Gallifet said of him, "how perfectly to command and perfectly to obey." The Cross of the Legion of Honor was conferred on him.

The final blow came in 1880. When the French Government began its persecution of Religious Orders and utilized the army to evict the Carmelites, Franciscans, Jesuits and Redemptorists, he felt that he could no longer retain his command. He considered the matter thoroughly

and prayerfully and then "in clear and precise terms," as he said himself, "he made General de Gallifet, his superior, understand that, in his position as a Christian, and with his whole past character and career, he was compelled to refuse all participation in the execution of the orders, and begged him to telegraph his resolution to the War Office with his request to be relieved of his command."

General de Gallifet tried every means to dissuade him; assured him that he would have nothing to do with the orders, that his services were still needed. De Sonis insisted.

"General," said de Gallifet, "you are the honor of the Army. I cannot accept your resignation."

It was not an easy step for him to take. He loved the service—he loved his men—his had been a military life all along—and most of all, it was the support of his family. But, "I could no longer remain at the head of troops liable to have to turn their bayonets against priests and besiege monasteries." As for the rest, he wrote:

"God will give us all the grace to bear bravely the trials which await us. It is a great consolation to remember that nothing happens without His permission, and that what I have done was inspired solely by the interests of His glory."

The blow told at once. The family had to go into a miserable little lodging.

"I must sacrifice our comfort to my honor as a Christian," he said. "We shall have to learn together to love and practice holy Poverty, who is an old friend of ours anyway!"

And God did take care of him. The War Ministry accepted his resignation reluctantly and finally made him Inspector General of Cavalry. This position he held till 1883. But the duties proved too onerous and he resigned; whereupon he was called to Paris and made a member of one of the Commissions in the War Office, a position which he retained practically till his death.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

I have always noticed great success
Is mixed with trouble more or less;
And its the man who does the best
Who gets more kicks than all the rest.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Where The Roads Met

STORY OF A SUMMER AFTERNOON

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Milwaukee lay buried in sweltering heat. The sun, enjoying his temporary power, beamed tyrannically from a cloudless sky and the reflection of his smile was refracted in warm waves from the glistening surface of concrete and paved streets and from the brick walls of the buildings and even it seemed from the listless foliage of the trees.

Perspiring throngs attended the Sunday Masses in the city churches. And considerate priests shortened the Sunday sermons lest they themselves succumb to the weakness induced by the enervating temperature. And young men who had, with unwonted foresight, located themselves near the open doors, gazed thoughtfully at the broad band of sunshine which spread along the floor and wondered just what the thermometer would be reading by noon.

Now it happened that James William O'Brien, twenty-two and prospering plumber, also a bachelor—hard-boiled for that matter in his hatred of women—had gathered unto himself a new Ford roadster. It had been delivered the previous evening and was now on display at the curb across the street from St. Malachy's Church. Wherefore, James William O'Brien had much difficulty in keeping his attention on his prayers.

Mass over, he hurried across the street to the pride of his heart. He started the motor and listened for a few moments to the even beat that sounded from beneath the hood.

"Some sweet car!" he murmured. Then came a jolt.

The car ahead had backed up and the bumpers of the machines had collided.

"Sure enough!" he muttered. "Woman driver!" And he glared at the smiling face which peered out of the window of the Packard Straight Eight roadster.

"Could you back up a few feet, please?" trilled the voice from the Packard. "I am sewed up here."

"If you could drive ahead a few feet," returned James William briskly, "I can get my car out in a hurry." The fact that the smile was spread over the prettiest face he had ever seen only aroused James

William's ire the more. "And I won't have to hit your car in doing it, either."

"O, don't be so cross!"—the smile was sweeter than ever. "Didn't you hear the sermon just now?"

"Are you going to move?" barked James William, "or do you want me to push your car ahead for you?"

"That's an idea!" And the laugh that accompanied the words sounded like Japanese glass blowing in a breeze. "A sort of tug-of-war with reverse English! Let's go. At least we will wake up this sleepy street."

Something came over James William O'Brien. The dancing eyes beneath the trim white hat and the random curls that clustered below its brim had nothing to do with it, of course. For James William was a confirmed woman-hater; hard-boiled, too.

"Dizzy blond!" he muttered.

Then he backed up his new Ford; surrendered; did what was hardest for an O'Brien, yielded ground to another.

The Packard swung out into the street, then with reckless disregard of possible traffic officers, backed up quickly till it was opposite the Ford.

"Thank you so much!" laughed the girl in the big car. James William saw that she was wearing green. That was something.

"Nothing at all," he grinned in return. "Glad to do it!"

"Yes, you were. I can see you are Irish. So am I. And when Irish meets Irish—toodle-oo!" With a roar, the Packard swung into the line of traffic and was off.

But the Ford remained at the curb. She could see he was Irish, thought James William. How was that? He raised himself a trifle and looked into the windshield mirror. Tousled hair barely held in place by soap and water, abundant golden freckles and red hair! No wonder!

"What a map!" he ejaculated. Then as he thought of her, "What a face!"

And he, too, joined the line of traffic moving away from the church.

The day grew warmer and warmer. With his new car working as he termed it "like silk," James William, alias Jimmy, decided to tour the lake front, collect all the cool breezes possible, and when the call of the inner man became too insistent to warrant further ignoring, to turn in at the first respectable restaurant that happened along his path

and celebrate the occasion with a real chicken dinner and all the trimmings.

Crossing the viaduct in front of the Northwestern Station, he turned toward the lake. Lake Michigan was in good humor today and promised to be a welcome haven of refreshment to thousands of perspiring natives of Milwaukee and its environs. But Jimmy refused to think of swimming. The car had to be "broke in" first and today was the day to do it. His lungs thrilled with the brisk fresh air coming off the lake and answering the silent invitation he turned the car in the direction of the Lake Shore drive.

Several streets met here, and the traffic officer was kept busy. While engaged in interviewing one over-anxious driver, he missed a big Packard that slipped past him and entered the parade of machines just ahead of Jimmy and his car. In fact, Jimmy had to jam on his brakes to permit the car to enter the line. Even a Packard could not stimulate desire in Jimmy's heart today but it could arouse ire. And it did. Further it continued to do so with unusual regularity. Every few minutes, a dainty white hand would wave nonchalantly from the window of the big roadster, but always at the last moment, necessitating energetic application of the brakes on Jimmy's part.

"Another woman driver! I'll bet," he muttered as he brought his car to an abrupt stop for the tenth time in succession. "Beautiful but dumb or maybe dumb without the beautiful." He had no idea that a pair of mischievous eyes were laughing at him in the mirror of the car ahead.

There was a respite as they circled down the winding drive leading to the shore. Then another jam with the same succession of starts and stops. To get out of the mess and incidentally to rest his nerves and, though he refused to recognize this as a motive, to spare his car the perils of that driver ahead, Jimmy turned right at the first crossing and drove out on a broad pier-head, where the waves were dashing against piled-up rocks and the breeze from the lake was more like a small gale.

There were not many people in that place, most of the drivers preferring to take a chance on getting a parking place along the shore itself. Over to the left, under the trees, every available spot was occupied with Sunday picnickers. Farther ahead, the shore was lined with a file of machines, parked hub to hub. The beach in front was thickly strewn with gaily costumed bathers. The very sight of them made

Jimmy feel cool. Back of the machines, the land rose abruptly in a rather steep cliff, which in turn was crowned with another road bordering another park. Along the ridge, high overhead, a line of people could be made out, the vanguard of the perspiring army which had invaded the region in search of coolness and freedom from dust. Off in the distance, he made out another road leading from the shore to the top of the cliff.

"Hm! I get it now," he murmured to himself. "The whole business is a one-way street. Once you get in that line, you have to either find a parking space along the road—try and get one—or keep in the procession till you get to the top, then come around and do it over. Glad I am here. That Packard didn't do so bad at all—and women drivers ain't so bad!" Jimmy was so pleased at his discovery of the advantage that was his that he could not be other than magnanimous.

"Come on, Elizabeth," he grunted finally, as he pressed the starter. "We got to be going." He looked back casually to see where he could go to turn out and found the same Packard, parked somewhat at an angle in the rear of his car.

"Well—I'll be—a sandwich!" he exploded.

The driver of the car seemed to be asleep. Jimmy sounded his horn discreetly once or twice. No action in the Packard. He stepped from his car and went over to the other.

"Would you please give me enough room to back out?" he asked rather brusquely.

"O-oh! It's you again!" We'll meet in heaven!" The slumbering form came to attention and Jimmy turned pink as he recognized the party of the second part to his altercation in front of St. Malachy's. He wondered why it was that the little gold brooch on her dress containing a dainty gold scapular medal made him register approval. He wanted to feel provoked—but could not.

"Didn't you drive around the shore-drive just now?" he asked finally.

"Why yes. Could it be you that was driving in back of me down that hill?" she returned quickly. "I guess you have nicked up every inch of those rear bumpers. Don't your brakes work?" The sweet sympathetic tone used by the speaker baffled Jimmy. And those twinkling eyes made him feel as though every single freckle was labeled big as life.

"Those brakes are all right," he answered finally. "But no car made could stop with the short warning you gave me."

"Isn't it just gorgeous out here," she remarked, gazing off toward the blue horizon.

"Yes—surely is fine!" responded James William but without enthusiasm. "Guess I'll have to be rolling along."

The girl's smile faded and a grim, angry gleam shone in her eyes. Without more ado, she started her motor, backed up the Packard swiftly—and incidentally left Jimmy about a fourth of an acre of space in which to turn. He did not miss the sarcastic gesture. He wanted to retaliate but felt foolishly helpless before this quick-witted girl. The best thing for him, he decided, was to get away as far as possible from her and her kind.

Once on the road, his attention was taken up with the problem of threading his way through the maze of cars without having his own injured. Once on the highway, however, with the little Ford purring an honest forty miles an hour, his spirits rose again.

The highway followed the lake shore for some miles to the north then turned inland. And the farther inland it led, the greater was the heat. So Jimmy turned the car around and went back, seeking for some side road to the lake as he went.

Now it had happened in times gone by that some wayfarer had wandered from the main road, in a similar quest for the water's edge. And in doing so, began a pathway. And in the course of time, the path widened with use and became a road. And in more recent times when the exodus of perspiring city folk toward the wide open spaces in search of relief had given this side road a comparative importance it would never have otherwise attained, the village within whose boundaries it was located decided to control its use by demanding permits of all who would profit by the repose it offered. Further, the road began at one point on the main highway, descended to the lake, followed the lake for a mile or two, then rising between two hills, rejoined the highway farther along. All of which was unknown to James William O'Brien as he sped gleefully along the highway in his new Ford.

He spied the side road suddenly, turned into it and began the descent only to find a series of sign confronting him, all of them bearing the message: No Parking without a Permit. And the roadway was so narrow he could not turn his car. So Jimmy glanced at the St. Christopher's Medal hanging above the windshield and "went his way" but not altogether assured. The constant suggestion of warning signs wor-

ried him. He did not know that another entirely different Nemesis was dogging his steps, so to speak; in fact, he did not know what Nemesis meant. Anyhow it was following and following fast.

Now James William had no objection to being arrested for speeding; that at least would redound to the credit of his beloved car. But to be picked up for parking illicitly was another matter. Hence he determined to seek directions from the first persons he met.

The road turned sharply at the lake front and Jimmy turned with it. At a little distance from the curve, he spied several people down on the sands. He drew up near them, stopped his car, and descended to interview them. The road there was rather narrow, but there were no other cars in sight, so he did not worry.

"Where do you get these permits?" he inquired of a gentleman near by.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know," came the reply. The man was about to make some further remark when another machine was heard coming to an abrupt halt on the road above them.

"Well, I like that!" a crisp, clear treble sang out. "Another Ford in the way!"

"I beg your pardon," answered Jimmy grimly as he recognized the car and the driver; "it is the same Ford. What about it?"

"Well, if you would kindly push the thing over a few inches, I might be able to get past."

"Can't be pushed and it will not go back."

"Oh, it won't!" The big Packard roadster of the morning's encounters began to move ahead slowly. Jimmy rushed to his car and jumped in back of the wheel. In a moment he had the motor going and was driving against the Packard.

"Well, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the young lady in white and green as she stopped her car.

"Well, you are a lady!" returned Jimmy with a grin. "What is next on the program?"

"Where's your permit?" came a voice from beside the Ford. A motorcycle officer had come around the curve of the road just in time to witness the last part of the conversation.

"Haven't any," answered Jimmy. "I was just about—"

"Sorry!" barked the officer. "You can tell the rest to the judge

tomorrow." And he handed Jimmy a pink ticket and made the usual notes in his book. Then he turned to the Packard.

"And Miss; I suppose you have a permit?"

"I have not." With emphasis. "You don't need a permit to drive through here and that is all I was doing."

"Very sorry, Miss, but you are parking and you saw the signs and that settles matters." And he handed her another pink ticket. Then satisfied that he had fulfilled his duty he left.

"Now are you satisfied?" asked the driver of the Packard. James William was nonplussed. He began to back his car toward an open spot some yards away. When he had rounded the curve and climbed the hill, he drew up at the side of the main highway. The Packard stopped and he went up to it, sheepishly. He was astounded, however, to find the occupant smiling broadly.

"I am very sorry, Miss—er—"

"Mary Ellen Ellsworth!" she supplied, laughing at his discomfiture.

"Well, Miss Ellsworth, I am very sorry I caused you to get into trouble—and expense." She laughed again as though it were a huge joke.

"Don't mind the expense, Mr. O'Brien. Oh, yes; I know your name well; I know you, too. Do you think I would have spoken to you if I didn't? I shall lose ten dollars in court tomorrow, and make fifty."

"What!" Jimmy was staring; and he was funny when he stared.

"My father and your father play cards," she explained. "Business and pleasure combined. Poker. They mentioned you the other evening in my hearing, and I learned that you were a woman-hater. I also heard a few nice things about you, too. So needing a little excitement, I made a bet with Dad, that you were not a woman-hater. And you are not, you know. Why, except for that nasty temper you have, and I suppose that goes with the hair—I think you are nice!" Jimmy looked up at the smiling face, and found the stray curls and the dancing eyes too much for him. Flushing angrily, he turned on his heel and returned to his car. In a moment he was on his way, too perturbed not to say downright sore, to notice that the Packard was following demurely.

Came the morning after.

Jimmy excused himself from work to his father who wished to know all about his scrape. Jimmy was not offering further information than that it was a matter of traffic laws. And with that he was off.

He found the Packard at the little courthouse ahead of him.

Entering the building he found the room full of other guests for the occasion. Later newspaper accounts stated that the village treasury was well filled after that morning's session was over. As they lined up before the judge, he found Miss Ellsworth at his side. The smile was replaced by a look of disgust on her face as she tried to keep clear of the motley crew that crowded around her.

"This is no place for you," said Jimmy gruffly, by way of greeting. She said nothing in reply. The little pink ticket was twirling nervously in her fingers.

They heard the attempts of various people ahead of them to plead their innocence and the obdurate replies of the justice.

As the line straightened out, Jimmy edged in ahead of her. He had determined to try to save her by explaining how he had caused the jam. Before he could do so, however, he heard a muffled exclamation from her.

"Oh gracious, I have forgotten my purse. Now what will I do?" Jimmy swung around.

The pink ticket was pressed against her lips in a gesture of dismay. He seized it quickly and said, "Get out of the line quick. I'll take care of it." She obeyed and Jimmy gave his attention to the justice and the men ahead of him.

It took him about fifteen minutes to finish the business and he turned from the desk minus twenty-five dollars, the total in fines and costs due on both tickets. At the door he met Miss Ellsworth. She was smiling gayly once more and Jimmy could not help but feel happy. She was a nice girl after all, he thought.

"Isn't it funny?" she laughed. "I just found my purse out in the car. It had slipped down in the seat. And also I just called up Dad and he is out fifty dollars." Jimmy thought of his twenty-five. Somehow he did not regret it now.

"If you have the time," she continued, "suppose we celebrate the event, say this evening?" And Jimmy succumbed. When they fall, the old adage has it, they fall hard.

That evening as they drove home, with James William O'Brien at the wheel—of the Packard—after what turned out to be a wonderful evening at the latest musical comedy and supper, Jimmy began to ponder.

"What is the wonder about, Jimmy?" asked the girl.

"When do the bans have to be announced and who has to see to it?" asked Jimmy.

Her silvery laugh rang out in the stillness.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked quickly.

"For two excellent reasons. First of all at you; for a bashful boy, you are a fast worker; and secondly, at my dear Dad, who has just lost another fifty. He claimed I would have to take advantage of Leap Year—and—"

"And what?"

"And now I know I don't."

A CHARMING STORY

A charming story is connected with the death of Mademoiselle Sophie Littré, which occurred recently in a French Convent, at the age of 88.

She was the daughter of Emile Littré, who is known to every French student as the author of the greatest dictionary of that language. He was also associated with August Comte, in the leadership of Positivism, as a substitute for Christian philosophy. At the birth of his daughter Littré said to his wife: "Bring her up in your pious practices until she is fifteen; then I shall explain my ideas to her, and she can make her choice."

When Marie attained her fifteenth birthday Littré said to his wife: "You have made our child so good, affectionate and right-minded, so intelligent and so happy, that I shall not let my ideas cast a shadow on this happiness and purity."

Littré kept his word faithfully. Marie-Sophie was a valuable helper to her father for fifteen years. She and her mother worked at the classics and ancient authors to extract materials from their writings useful for the dictionary which was being compiled by Monsieur Littré. During this time of assiduous work Madame Littré and her daughter never neglected their religious duties, and in the end obtained the favor they had so earnestly asked of God—Mr. Littré was baptized, and acknowledged the errors of his past life.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.—Bossuet.

Catholic Anecdotes

SO LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

"How careful we Catholics should be about the example we give!" says a well-known convert.

"On one occasion, I was obliged to share my room in a crowded hotel with a fellow traveller, who, like myself, was a stranger in the city. Before going to bed, I knelt down and said a few prayers.

"Next morning he asked me if I were Catholic. In answered,—
"Yes, a convert to the Church."

"He made no reply, but it was a turning point in his life; for I learned some time afterward through a priest, that, reflecting on my simple act of religion, he had returned to the faith of his fathers, which he had abandoned, and died a holy and happy death."

THE HERO OF STONE RIVER

"In my long experience," the venerable Bishop Cameron, of Canada, used to say, "I believe I have not met with a more holy couple than General Rosecrans and his wife."

Shortly after his graduation from West Point, the "Hero of Stone River" as this famous commander of our Civil War was called, was placed in charge of some military work, which required him to move frequently from place to place.

His first care on arriving at a new station was to call on the Catholic pastor and ask as a favor to be permitted to teach catechism to the boys of the neighborhood. The permission was of course always gladly given, for the General was well-known as a fervent, well-instructed convert. He would assemble the boys and young men at an appointed place, put them through the military drill, and then march them off to church for the religious exercises.

We should always keep a corner of our head free and open, that we may make room for the opinions of our friends. Let us have head-and-heart hospitality.—Joubert.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE SECRET HARM

A French writer has these discerning remarks to make about reading:

"Books, teaching, newspapers, pour out daily floods of unbelief, and infect the very air we breathe. Novels, which are rightly suspected as being dangerous to our morals, are at least as dangerous to the soundness of our faith. Indeed, they often attack it directly; but they wage a more perilous war against it by subtle and calculated insinuations, and even by what they systematically exclude.

"Give your attention to this last remark: for a novel may be regarded as innocuous because it avoids any religious topic whatsoever; but it portrays its heroes as full of the noblest qualities and as achieving prodigies of goodness. The conclusion that creeps in by degrees, without the reader perceiving it, is that religion is really unnecessary, and that man is able to persevere in the fulfilment of every duty, and even to rise to moral heroism, by his natural strength, and without grace; and consequently without recourse to the Sacraments.

A NEAT COMMENTARY

When David had been made King of Israel and was besieged by the Philistines at Adullam, he longed and said: "O that some man would give me water of the cisterns of Bethlehem" his father's well now in possession of his enemies. Three of his bravest captains broke through the enemy's lines, and at the risk of their lives, fetched some of the water for the King.

But David would not drink of it, but rather offered it to the Lord.

Henry Van Dyke, in *Out of Doors in the Holy Land*, tells how a division of opinion arose in their party, as they rested at the very spot and recalled the story.

"It was sheer foolishness," said one "to waste anything that had cost so much to get. What must the three mighty men have thought when

they saw that for which they risked their lives poured out upon the ground?"

"Ah, no," said the Lady. "It was the highest gratitude, because it was touched with poetry. It was the best compliment that David could have given to his friends. Some gifts are too precious to be received in any other way than this."

And when we gather in some convent or monastery chapel for the clothing of a young maiden or a youth in the religious habit, we feel once more, how true the commentary is.

There are the father and mother, "Offering to the Lord" the gifts that have cost them so much—"pouring them out so to speak on the land"—for they will devote themselves and all their lives and energies to the well-being of their fellow-men.

Indeed, some gifts are so precious—a good boy or a good girl—that there is no better way imaginable to receive them from God than to offer them to Him again.

And here again we feel it is more blessed to give than to receive.

OUR PROUDEST BOAST

Form an address by John W. Davis, Democratic nominee for President in 1924, before the South Carolina Bar Association, we quote these significant words:

"Our proudest boast is that ours is a land of tolerance, and yet we have seen Disraeli, a Jew, prime Minister of Gentile England; Laurier, a Roman Catholic, premier of Protestant Canada, and Doumergue, a Protestant, President of Catholic France. I'd be ashamed to admit that the spirit of tolerance in this country was less than in any of those countries."

THE BIG WHISTLE

Abraham Lincoln's story of the little steamer with the big whistle is a good one and applies to many people of today. This steamer had such a big whistle that whenever they blew it the steamer stopped because the whistle exhausted the steam supply of the small boiler.

Just that is the trouble with many people of today. If they would only use the paddle-wheel of energy to go forward at every opportunity instead of always blowing the whistle of discontent they would find

themselves going up stream so much faster—up the stream of success—that the barnacles of failure would not have a chance in the world to hook onto their craft.

BUSINESS SENSE

An American business man, in a book, "What Can a Man Believe," writes:

"We know that we are intelligent, therefore we believe that there is intelligence behind the Universe; for to assume that it could produce something greater than itself does violence to our common sense."

A TRIBUTE TO OUR LADY

The following tribute to Our Lady pleases us because of its beauty and even more because of the rather unexpected source. It makes us feel again the truth of the prophetic words of the Mother of Jesus: All generations shall call me blessed.

"The greatest of mothers," said the Rev. J. C. Dent, Baptist, in a sermon delivered on Mothers' Day, "is the Virgin Mary, the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ. No nobler, purer, nor holier woman ever lived. Someone has said, 'She was the most tender and loving of all women, yet a woman still'. The angel Gabriel said of her: 'Blessed art thou among women'.

"In honoring our mothers on this Mothers' Day, we surely ought not to forget the Mother of our Lord, for without her there would have been no Savior, and our mothers as well as ourselves would be lost through eternity.

"The Virgin Mary is an example to all mothers in purity. God looked down from heaven and noticed her pure life. 'She found favor with God.' If all mothers would teach their sons and daughters to be pure, we would have happy homes and a righteous nation.

"She is an example in humility. She did not boast of the great honor conferred upon her, but simply said, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord'. She is an example in meditation, which is a lost art in these days. She pondered the things the shepherds told her, in her heart.

"She is an example in Scriptural knowledge. Her 'Magnificat' is wonderful and superior to any other song in the Bible. She is an

example in spiritual religion. She took her Son to the Synagogue every Sabbath and instructed Him in the Holy Scriptures. She is an example in her love for her family. She is an example in her faith in God. From the time the angel announced that she was to be the mother of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, until He died on the cross to save us from sin, she never doubted God nor His word."

THE GLORY OF KINDNESS

"Life is made up," says Sir Humphrey Davy, "not of great sacrifices or great duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort."

"A kind heart," says Irving, "is a fountain of gladness making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles."

"In order to have that love for our neighbor which is commanded by Our Lord," says St. Francis de Sales, "we must entertain good and amiable feelings toward him, especially when he is disagreeable and annoying to us on account of any defect, natural or moral . . . The maxim of the Saints was that, in performing works of charity and kindness, we ought to consider, not the person who receives them, but Him for whose sake they are done."

CHURCH AND STATE

The editor of the Fresno Bee, a daily paper published in Fresno, California, makes a timely comment on the action of sixty Methodist ministers, who approved the candidacies of Herbert Hoover and Thomas Walsh for president:

"And come to think of it, what a howl would go up, not only over all California, but the entire United States, if sixty Catholic priests would get together and do what sixty Methodist ministers have done?"

Yes, Mr. Editor, comments the Springfield Mirror, and the loudest howl would go up from the sixty Methodist ministers.

Every great mind seeks to labor for eternity. All men are captivated by immediate advantages; great minds are excited by the prospect of a distant good.—Schiller.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

CLARENCE SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

The second major figure in the Picture is the Child Jesus. His name is contracted in the Greek letters just opposite His head: *Is Chs*, or *Iesous Christos*, meaning *Jesus Christ*.

THE CHRIST CHILD

While supported on His Mother's left arm He turns His head outward and intensely contemplates some frightening object. At once His tiny, well-formed hands clutch, in a help-imploing grasp, the extended right hand of His Mother. In the sudden twist of the body the legs are crossed and from the impact the right foot's sandal is sent falling to the ground, but is saved from so ignoble a fate by the entangling strap.

The features of the Child greatly resemble those of the Mother—full round face, curved eyebrows, eyes quick and alert, long nose, small mouth, high forehead, and thick curly nut-brown hair. Is not the similarity striking? And, be it noted, this description accords harmoniously with the pen picture of the Christ as given by Gustav Müller, that widely acclaimed authority on the personal appearance of Jesus Christ. Hence, we conclude, not without some reason, that our Picture presents, perhaps, the most natural likeness of the two greatest personages in history—Jesus and Mary.

The Child's attire consists of a rich green tunic, with long, flowing sleeves, and girded with a carmine red sash. Its folds are also the result of clever, deft strokes of the artist's brush. Hanging over the right shoulder and covering most of the body is a dark-brown cloak. Such is the costume any child of the time might have worn; and such, perhaps, was the costume of the Child Jesus.

The custom of surrounding the Christ Child's head with a halo or nimbus containing a cross—only the transverse bar of which is visible in our Picture—is of very early origin. In fact, specimens have been

found even in the catacombs, as in the famous picture of the Pontianus catacomb, dating from the fifth or sixth century. Numerous are the pictures that portray the likeness of the Christ Child; but few, we earnestly believe, so thrill the heart of the beholder with love and confidence as our own Christ Child of Perpetual Help.

THE ANGELS

In Byzantine art angels are often seen and especially the two depicted in our Picture, namely, the Archangel Michael at the left and the Archangel Gabriel at the right. As with the foregoing figures, so also are their names signified by shortened forms. Above Gabriel's head appear the Greek letters—written by suspension, that is, when only the first or the first two letters of a name are given—*O Ar G*, or *O Archaggelos Gabriel*, meaning *The Archangel Gabriel*. And above Michael's—*O Ar M*, or *O Archaggelos Michael*, meaning, *The Archangel Michael*.

Fr. Bryne aptly writes in his "Glories of Mary in Boston" that "the archangels appear as if they had taken flight from their heavenly home, and had come with speed into the presence of Jesus and Mary." And now they stand or perhaps kneel in reverent adoration as they hold to the Child's view the instruments of the Passion. But you may observe that He cannot see the instruments, for Gabriel is too high for His eyes, and Michael stands behind Him. That is true. And we might reply simply by saying such an arrangement, seemingly so inartistic, is really a touch of art known as an artist's license. We might further call attention to the angular effect—so coveted in art—thus produced. Draw, for instance, a line straight across from the heads of the angels, and note how equally distant it is from the top of the Mother's head on the one side and from the Child's on the other. But we prefer to attribute this arrangement to the application of the law of harmony and symmetry of parts, by which balance is secured to the Picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"I thank the Mother of Perpetual Help and the Sacred Heart of Jesus for protecting us from a severe sickness that was spreading in our neighborhood; and for recovery from another illness."

—Dunkley, Colo.

Catholic Events

A great distinction has come to the Redemptorist Fathers of the St. Louis Province and to *THE LIGUORIAN*. Very Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R., Rector of Holy Redeemer Church, Detroit, has been chosen as Consultor General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, representing the American and Canadian (English) Provinces.

Father McEnniry was the first editor of *THE LIGUORIAN*, and has almost since its beginning contributed regularly his Father Tim Casey articles which have won so secure a place in the appreciation of readers of *THE LIGUORIAN* and so wide a recognition from all critics of Catholic literature.

Unfortunately the honor which has come to Father McEnniry necessitates his departure from us and his residence in Rome. We trust however that his new and important duties will still permit Father Tim Casey to speak to us through the pages of *THE LIGUORIAN*.

* * *

Australia is ready for the Twenty-ninth Eucharistic Congress, which is to be held in the city of Sydney from Sept. 6 to 9. An outline of the plan for Congress week has been made public. The program begins Sunday, Sept. 2. On this day a preparatory triduum will be started in all the churches of Sydney. Cardinal Cerretti is the Papal Legate for the Congress. The Knights of Columbus information bureau in San Francisco has estimated, the Congress officials are told, that more than 1,000 Catholics will pass through that city en route to Sydney. From various points on the Eastern seaboard of the United States and from Canada large groups of Catholic men and women have organized to go to the Congress.

* * *

More than \$750,000 was spent on the poor of the archdiocese of Chicago in the last twelve months by the Catholic Charities of Chicago, according to the annual report of the Very Rev. Msgr. William A. Cummings, supervisor of the organization. All of this money was contributed by the Catholics of the archdiocese with the exception of \$125,921, which was received from Cook County to help bear the expense of caring for the wards of the Juvenile Court.

A total of \$339,815 was donated to charitable institutions,—\$218,671 was spent on family relief,—and \$136,094 by the Catholic Home Bureau. The Catholic Home Bureau is incorporated under the laws of Illinois and looks after children placed in boarding homes temporarily, and also cares for babies until they are adopted. It is a branch of the Catholic Charities.

The charities assisted 9,014 families in the last year 81,599 times. Among those aided were 23,751 children and 12,940 adults. The report also showed that 48,783 quarts of milk were furnished families during the year.

From St. Louis comes a similar report. According to the seventeenth annual report of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, for 1927, more than three-quarters of a million dollars were devoted to the care of the poor during the past year.

* * *

Out of 731 essays on "The Nature of Matter" submitted in competition to the College of Engineering at Ohio State University, that of Edward M. Schoenborn, a graduate of Aquinas College, conducted by the Dominican Fathers at Columbus, Ohio, was adjudged the best. Describing the history of the conception and applications of the atomic theory, it was published in a recent issue of the Ohio State Engineer.

* * *

The Catholic Students' Leadership Convention, under the patronage of the Sodality of Our Lady will be held Aug. 17-19, in St. Louis, Mo., University. College and High School students and also faculty members plan to come individually and in big groups from all over the country as part of the Catholic Youth Movement.

* * *

A total of 765 students, including 270 nuns from 25 teaching sisterhoods have enrolled for the 1928 summer school of Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis. This is said to be the largest enrollment in the history of that summer school. Other schools can show a proportionately large enrollment of Sisters. Thus at Loretto Heights College in Colorado, 105 Sisters attended the summer school.

* * *

They had an election recently in Mexico for the Presidency. There was only one candidate, General Alvaro Obregon, and press dispatches tell us the single vote that President Calles cast for him was enough to ensure his election. We learn further that there are 1,500,000 qualified voters in the country. But only 100,000 went to the polls.

There were two candidates,—General Arnulfo R. Gomez and former Minister of War, Francisco R. Serrano. "About a year ago," says the Wall Street Journal, "each of these two men announced himself as a candidate for the presidency. They began their campaigns for popular support even as Obregon was doing. Serrano seemed to be winning in favor and so, when he and a party of friends, all civilians were at the dinner table at his country home a company of soldiers surrounded the house. One or two of the party escaped, but Serrano and all the others were summarily executed, even though the law forbids summary executions." General Gomez also fell before a firing squad. "No one needs waste any regrets," said the New York World, "over the rivals of Obregon—Serrano and Gomez,—who were so expeditiously put out of the race months ago."

General Obregon was scarcely elected when he made a public statement that he would continue unchanged the Calles policy in regard to the Church,—that policy of persecution for conscience's sake, that has almost driven mad a people that loves its ancient Faith.

General Obregon was at the dinner table with his friend like Serrano; there he met his death. We cannot applaud the deed. But when

we hear the reasons the unfortunate man gave for his act, and study the above story of events, who that has common sense can fail to ask himself a few questions?

* * *

John J. Bernet is a native of New York. His father was a Swiss immigrant. He started in railroading when he was 21, and his rise to the top has been rapid. He is now President of the Erie Railroad. And if the Federal Government finally approves of a big railroad combine in which he and the Van Sweringens are interested, Bernet will become President of a system which will rival the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. Bernet's success, according to his associates can be attributed to the fact that he has been interested in, and always on the job.

He is a striking example of tolerance in business. Religious or lodge affiliations influence him in no way. With him business is business.

"I've been hired to run this railroad," he is reported as having told an interviewer, "and I expect the men who work with me to consider themselves hired for the same single purpose. I don't care what lodge button they wear, what church they attend, who they are or where they come from. They've got to fly the railroad flag, and strike all others."

Bernet is a Catholic. In Cleveland, where he has his home, he has been active in Catholic charities.

* * *

The administrative control of the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul, Minn., has been given over for a period of five years to the educators of Notre Dame University. The agreement was reached on July 17 between the Archbishop of St. Paul and Very Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C., superior of the Notre Dame province of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. At the end of five years, if the arrangement has proved mutually satisfactory, a contract involving the permanent possession of St. Thomas College may be drawn up. The President of the College will be the Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C.S.C., who has been for 13 years director of studies at Notre Dame University.

* * *

At a general chapter held recently by the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., educator, poet, ex-war chaplain, and first assistant general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, was chosen as President of Notre Dame University to succeed the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C.S.C.

* * *

On the 12th of July, in an audience with the members of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, appointed the Rt. Rev. Msgr. James H. Ryan rector of the Catholic University of America. He had been professor of philosophy at the Catholic University.

* * *

A letter of blessing in his own handwriting has been sent by the Holy Father to Theresa Neumann, the stigmatized girl of Konnersreuth, Bavaria.

Some Good Books

Conferences on the Interior Life for Sisterhoods. Vol I and Vol. II. By the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.50 per volume.

Father Skelly, in these two volumes, covers the whole field of the interior life very completely, though in parts rather summarily. They are arranged in the form of conferences, short and meaty.

Anyone who uses the volumes will notice at once how the pages teem with quotations from St. Thomas, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Teresa of Jesus, St. John of the Cross, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Francis de Sales, etc. This will come as a real satisfaction, for, since these are the recognized masters of the spiritual life, it will give the reader all the more confidence in these Conferences.

The second volume is devoted almost entirely to Prayer,—vocal and mental. This is as it should be, for the greater part of the religious life, not in time perhaps but in importance,—belongs to prayer. And it is with the life of prayer that often religious find their greatest discouragements. These conferences will certainly be welcomed.

It may be well to note, moreover, what the author says in the Foreword: "There is no select class, then, to whom these teachings appeal. The Apostle spoke to all when he said: 'Be ye imitators of me, as I am of Jesus Christ.'"

We feel, indeed, that not only religious but also lay people will use these volumes with benefit and pleasure.

Vine and Branch. By a Sister of Notre Dame. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$1.25.

It is a dainty little volume that is given us here. Behind the author's name I see a list of other books,—dainty little volumes likewise,—that came from her pen, or rather from her heart. For that is the characteristic of them all, intimacy.

As we open this book we are captivated at once by the tone of familiarity, the tender and enlightened piety that marks every page. It would seem, almost, as if we surprised a beautiful soul at her prayers before the tabernacle. This little book will do very well for a short meditation in the morning or evening of a busy day, or as a companion during your daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

The Life and Times of St. Ambrose. By P. de Labriolle, Professor at the University of Poitiers. Translated from the French by Herbert Wilson. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.50.

The position of the author makes us look for a very scholarly book. In fact, we find here scholarship in the best sense of the word: not a tiresome and pedantic discussion and heaping up of notes,—but a method that appeals to one as very satisfactory, in as far as the life and times are described chiefly from St. Ambrose's letters and writings.

This secures a twofold interest. The times were stirring enough for an interesting story; but they become doubly interesting when we are able to hear them described in the words of a living factor in them.

Incidentally we see,—and it braces our faith to see it,—that St. Ambrose was our brother in the Faith.

The Celibate Father. By Will W. Whalen. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.00.

Father Whalen has written another dramatic story of human love and hatred and passion and sin, through which the sublime character of the Catholic Priesthood winds like a golden thread.

Father McGee, the old Pastor of Quarryville, tries to be a real father to his two orphan nieces as well as to every member of his varied flock. Through the long process of the vivid events of the story he labors and loves —only to find himself at the end a lonely man,—the Celibate Father.

Lucid Intervals

Street-car Conductor—How old is your boy?

Mother—Four.

Conductor—How old are you, my little man?

Boy—Four.

Conductor—Well, I'll let him ride free this time but when he grows up he'll be either a liar or a giant.

Jack—I can't understand Higgins. Yesterday in an argument I called him every name under the sun and he didn't pay any attention to me.

Jill—He wouldn't be likely to. He's an umpire.

Lecturer—A good deal depends on the formation of early habits.

Heckler—You said it. When I was a baby my mother paid a woman to wheel me around, and I've been pushed for money ever since.

Hoofus—What's good for biting finger-nails?

Goofus—Sharp teeth, I guess.

Minister: "I am sorry to hear you say that your husband is ill-treating you; but return his abuses with kindness, giving good for evil, Mrs. M'Dougall, and, as the good book says, that will be heaping coals of fire upon his head."

Mrs. Mac: "I never tho't o' coals o' fire, meenister, but I've tried b'ilin' watter."

Talkative Woman (on board ship)—Can you swim?

Sailor—Only at times, ma'am.

Talkative Woman—Only at times! How strange! And when do these moments of ability come to you?

Sailor—In the water, ma'am.

Teacher: I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?

Johnny: Yes, ma'am.

Teacher: Why is it wrong?

Johnny: Because you ain't went yet.

The cost of living has gone up but writing paper remains stationery.

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?" asked a barrister who was cross-examining and badgering a witness.

"No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn pale?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Who was it?"

"A negro."

"When I hit a man he remembers it."

"Yo ain't said nothin' at all, bo. When Ah hits a man he don't."

An old hen was pecking at some stray carpet-tacks in the yard.

"Now, what do you suppose that hen is eating those tacks for?" said Henry.

"Perhaps," rejoined his little sister, "she is going to lay a carpet."

Two little girls were comparing progress in Catechism study.

"I've got to 'Original Sin,'" said one. "How far have you got?"

"Me? Oh! I'm beyond 'Redemption.'"

A young woman took down the receiver and discovered that the telephone was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently informing the other.

She hung up the receiver and waited. Three times she waited, and then exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply. A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young woman was able to put in her call.

"I am going to buy my wife a washing machine for her birthday."

"That will be quite a surprise, won't it?"

"I'll say it will. She expects a new car."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

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* * *

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